



The NOBLEMAN turned COACHMAN.

A Grecian youth of talents rare,
Whom *Plato's* philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed and guide the wheel.

And

And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd,
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length quite vain he needs wou'd show
His master, what his art could do;
And bad his slave the chariot lead
To *Academy's* sacred shade;
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The Wood-Nymphs startled at the sight,
The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er the youth with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd;
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd,
And now along th' intended plain,
The self-same track he marks again,

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Pursues